

Good Morning 452

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Hilda is happy on her war job, P.O. Frank Morton

HILDA, 21-year-old wife of Petty Officer Frank Morton, soon after arriving home at 31 Castle Place, Sheffield, after a delightful rather long leave at a port with her "hubby," decided to get a war job.

That was easy—and the job proved too easy, too. She sat all day long in an atmosphere of what appeared to her to be abysmal silence, and she found it was too big a quiet aftermath.

"It was a clean job, and I came home spick and span, but, oh, the monotony," she told the "Good Morning" reporter.

So Hilda then got a nice dirty job in another factory, amid whirring machines and black dust which covered her from head to foot—and she was happy!

"It is a much livelier job, and although it is heavy, I love every minute of it," she said. Hilda's "mates," working on either side, are motherly souls aged 65 and 63 respectively, and they "mother" her—and revel in her young refreshing talk and laughter.

Hilda and Frank have been married three years now—they were girl-and-boy sweethearts, and Frank has a grand little home to come home to. Hilda had it all arranged seven months before they were married—and cosily furnished, with a special easy chair for Frank.

Now she is busy saving, ready for "the day" when he comes home for keeps. He has been in the Navy eleven years already. Every night when she gets home she writes him a letter—an unchanging but loving routine, telling him all the news of the day.

And, naturally, her message now is one of love to you, Frank.



"ALL-IN" wrestling as we know it to-day is largely a matter of showmanship. But in not such distant days men of Devon practised a style of wrestling that was violent in the extreme, with the added refinement of boots tipped with iron or iron-hardened leather, used for kicking an opponent's shins!

Broken bones were common, and broken necks not unknown. Men carried the scars of the wrestling ring for the rest of their lives.

But there was never any lack of men to wrestle—nor people to watch. Allowing for the smaller population and the difficulties of transport, it was remarkable that "needle" bouts would attract 15,000 or more spectators. Wagering on the contests was heavy.

AMONGST the most remarkable of the bouts was one between Abraham Cann, champion of Devon, and James Polkinghorne, of Cornwall, fought at Tamar Green.

Cornwall has for centuries been famous for its wrestlers. But the Cornish rules did not permit of kicking and boots. Only Polkinghorne's agreement to let his opponent kick made the contest between these two men, both unbeatable in their own counties, possible.

When the contestants entered the ring Cann was favourite, not only because of the advantage of kicking, but also because he looked like a wrestler—lithe and dextrous, yet obviously strong.

Polkinghorne was a very different man. He was huge, with great arms like a bear. The experts said he was all fat. He refused to wear the traditional boots, made iron-hard by being soaked in blood, and the only steps he took to counter Cann's murderous kicks were to bind his legs with straw up to the knee. He wore no shoes.

There was deathly silence as the men manoeuvred for the first hold. Cann jumped in and got a grip of Polkinghorne's collar. But the big man showed himself surprisingly fast, got

away, and then let his arms close round the Devon man in a great hug that squeezed the breath out of him and forced him to his knees.

He followed this with a grip that brought Cann's head under his arm, and, lifting him as if he had been a child, sent him spinning through the air. The first fall went to the Cornishman. The fight was for the best of three falls.

In the second round, Cann, now more cautious, concentrated on keeping out of trouble and kicking. Polkinghorne's legs were soon running with blood, but he seemed to take no notice, and closed for another throw. This time, however, it was the Devon man who got a hold, and Polkinghorne was brought down heavily.

The final bout was prolonged and both men near exhaustion. Polkinghorne was badly winded and his "stickler"—a sort of combined second and referee—demanded fresh straw for his legs. All the original straw had been kicked off. Cann's men would not agree, but they managed to keep the dispute going for five minutes—long enough to enable Polkinghorne to get his wind—he did not, in fact, care whether he had straw or not.

When the men set to again,

That £5 Pull Feeling

THE evacuation of children from London resulted in quite a crop of incidents which are comparatively rare on the railways—pulling the communication cord. In one case the cord was pulled by a child just

because it could not resist the temptation.

The cord, with its notice, "Penalty for improper use £5," seems to have a strange fascination for some children, and there is a story of a schoolboy who, asked to write an essay on "How I would spend five pounds," wrote, "I would pull the communication cord in a train."

In the case mentioned, the officials, having traced the carriage in which the chain was pulled, found the children "all looking like cherubs, and let it go at that." But it would be a mistake for anyone else to expect such lenient treatment.

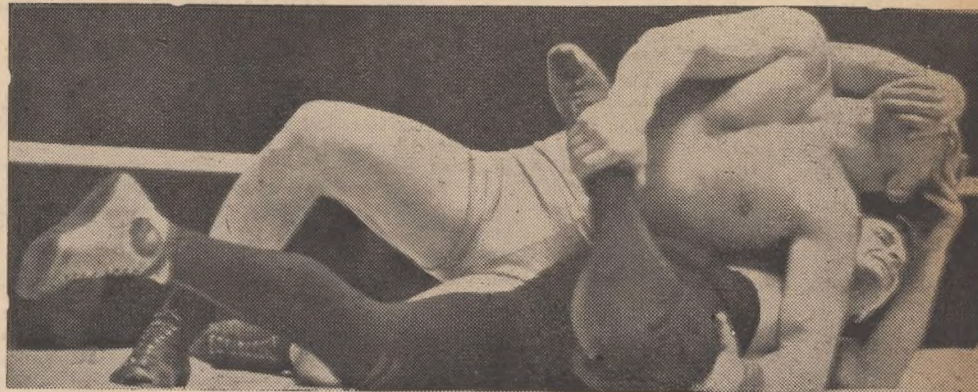
Pulling the cord, or chain, as it has now been for many years, applies the brakes, and the driver, feeling them going on, brings the train to a standstill as soon as conveniently possible.

The guard must then place detonators on the line behind the train to warn any other train to stop, discover the carriage from which the signal came, and investigate the cause. Altogether, there may be considerable delay which will disrupt timetables for hours, a matter especially serious in wartime.

What is "improper use"?

"Wrestling to-day—Phooey!"

BUT THESE BLOKES BATTERED THE HELL...



Cann kicked furiously at the now naked shins. The Cornishman ignored the kicks, got a hold on Cann, and, lifting him up, threw him violently to the ground. There was a dispute about whether Cann had landed on his knees. The spectators took up the quarrel, and when finally the referees announced that the fall was disallowed there seemed a danger of a "free-for-all" amongst the highly partisan spectators. The match ended with Polkinghorne

ponent's shins. He was also extremely skilled, and won many contests.

Most curious of Cornish wrestlers was Coppe. He stood only about 5ft. 5in., but would wrestle and beat men of any height or weight. "Little Coppe" spent a lifetime wrestling, and was a great favourite with the crowds. He had to retire because he became bow-legged, and ended his days—as so many boxers do now—as landlord of an inn.

J. M. Michaelson tells the story

retiring as a protest, but probably because he felt he was finished.

Many attempts were made to get the two champions to meet again, but Polkinghorne always refused unless Cann would discard his kicking, and Cann showed no enthusiasm. The tremendous fight had given the two men a considerable fear of each other.

Perhaps the most astonishing of the Devon wrestlers was Wreyford, popularly known as "Blind Will." He was quite blind, and had to be led into the ring. He was allowed to feel his opponent's collar before the match began.

Blind Will was short, but incredibly strong, and his blindness seemed to make no difference to the accuracy with which he placed his heavily shod feet on his opponent's shins.

The railway company is largely the judge. When a woman who had thrown an empty paper bag out of the window, and found it contained her jewels, pulled the cord, she had to pay £5. But a Test match cricketer who found he was on the wrong train, and pulled the cord near a station where he could get a connection, was excused a penalty.

Not long ago, a registrar, going to marry a couple, found that the train did not stop at the station he expected. He pulled the cord as the train rushed through, the train drew up, and he was in time for the wedding. He said that he would rather have paid £5 than disappoint a couple and disrupt their plans.

A surprising number of people offer "cash down" after pulling the cord, perhaps because the penalty is so clearly stated. But in every case the railway company carry out a full investigation, and if sub-

"Cornish and Devon" style to-day does not, of course, permit kicking. It is limited to holds above the waist, which are obtained on the loose canvas jackets worn. A fall is obtained when one hip or both shoulders, or two hips and one shoulder, are forced to the ground together.

By the beginning of this century, violent combats of the iron-foot, strangle type had died out—going the same way as bull and bear baiting and cock-fighting.

Hackenschmidt—the Russian Lion—who brought wrestling to its highest peak of popularity in England in the 1900s, fought in the catch-as-catch-can style.

But Count Zybsko, the Polish Marvel, was conducting his own all-in circus as recently as five years ago, and often came on the canvas himself—at the age of 73! He had been wrestling for 60 years as a professional.

When I met him in Paris before the war and asked him about modern All-In, this massive warrior of the wrestling ring merely laughed.

seemingly the circumstances are found not to have been "improper," the money is returned. In most cases, of course, the name and address of the passenger is taken.

Amongst the strange explanations given for stopping a train was that of a man who had been given a drink of whisky by a stranger. He became convinced the whisky was doctored and that he was going to be drugged and robbed. The suspicion was quite unjustified, and his drink cost him £5.

Tell-tale red discs immediately indicate in which coach the chain has been pulled, and the sagging chain itself indicates the exact carriage. The chain cannot be made taut again until the driver has restored the vacuum in the brakes. Year in, year out, the number of cases of communication cord pulling has averaged 200 a year.

J.M.M.

"Not one in a hundred matches are on the level to-day," he said. "In fact, for a really exciting bout, a good many managers have one or two dress rehearsals before the 'Biggest, Wildest Fight of the Century' is staged. And 'staged' is the word."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," he answered, "the public wants its stuff synthetic to-day. And you can't blame the managers for giving the public what it wants. The 'quarrels' between one wrestler and the referee, the groans, the face-pulling, and so on and so forth, are just trimmings to the act, which ought to be classified, not as a fight, but as a kind of strenuous juggling stunt."

"No," concluded the Count, "wrestling as I knew it in the days of the Russian Lion is dead. Do you know—and this

Our Constitution is in actual operation; everything appears to promise that it will last; but in this world nothing is certain but death and taxes.

Franklin in 1789.

All Nature wears one universal smile. Henry Fielding in "Tom Thumb."

Enough is equal to a feast. Fielding in "Covent Garden Tragedy."

is just one example—one of the heaviest All-In men I met spent fifteen minutes before going into the ring before a mirror—practising making ugly faces."

When I told him about the iron-tipped shoe kind of fight, the Count laughed heartily.

"I'll tell some of the boys that," he said. "They'll just curl up at the thought. Wrestling to-day? Phooey!"

But, let me add, this does not apply to the amateur wrestling in Britain, which is good, clean, fast stuff—but doesn't attract the public.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Mysterious Timbuctoo

Part XVII

WHILE Kennedy stood in front of the car he watched the horizon attentively, and after a short time turned to the doctor and said:

"Unless I am mistaken, there is a troop in movement yonder. At any rate it is moving quickly, for it is raising clouds of dust."

The doctor looked attentively, and said—

"I believe you are right; it is a detachment of Arabs or Tibbous; they are running in the same direction as we are, but we are going quicker, and shall soon be up to them. In half an hour we shall see them clearly."

Kennedy was again looking through his telescope. The mass of horsemen was divided; some were separated from it.

"They seem to be in pursuit of something," he said. "I should like to know what it is."

"Are you sure, Dick?"

"Yes; and it is a man! A fugitive!"

"Don't lose sight of him," said the doctor with anxiety.

Three or four miles were soon gained on the troop, which was, however, going along at a great speed.

"Samuel! Samuel!" cried Kennedy in a trembling voice, "it can't be—it is—"

"What?"

"It is he!"

"He," said everything; there was no need to name him.

"He's on horseback, scarcely a hundred feet from his enemies, He is flying!"

"It is Joe!" said the doctor, turning pale.

Kennedy had cried out in despair at seeing Joe thrown to the ground. His horse had sunk under him, evidently exhausted.

"He has seen us!" cried the doctor, "he beckoned to us as he got up!"

Joe had waited for the first horseman to come up, sprang upon him like a panther, seized him by the throat, strangled him, and threw him on the sand, all the time keeping up the horse's speed. The Arabs shouted.

They had not seen the Victoria, now 500 feet behind them, and hardly 30 feet from the ground; they were not twenty horses' length from the fugitive. One of them drew nearer to Joe, and was going to hurl his lance at him, when Kennedy fired at him and threw him to the ground.

Joe did not even turn round at the noise. A part of the troop suspended its course, and the men prostrated themselves in the dust at the sight of the Victoria; the other part continued the pursuit.

"But why doesn't Joe stop?" cried Kennedy.

"Put down your gun. Can you hold a hundred and fifty pounds of ballast?"

"More, if necessary."

"No, that is enough," and so saying, the doctor piled the sacks of sand in Kennedy's arms.

"Keep yourself at the back of the car, and be ready to throw all out at once. But don't do it before I tell you, or we can't save Joe!"

"All right!"

Ballast Overboard!

The balloon was flying over the horsemen. The doctor stood in the front of the car with the ladder, ready to throw it to Joe as he passed. Joe had kept up about fifty feet distance between his pursuers and himself. The Victoria crossed them.

"Look out!" cried the doctor to Kennedy.

"I am ready."

"Joe, pay attention!" shouted the doctor, as he threw the ladder, the end of which raised the dust of the ground. Joe turned at the doctor's call without stopping his horse, and caught the ladder.

As he did so the doctor called out to Kennedy:

"Ballast overboard!" Kennedy obeyed, and the Victoria, losing more than Joe's weight, rose to the height of 150 feet.

Joe held on with all his might, while the ladder swung with the movement; then making an indescribable gesture to the Arabs, he climbed in the car with the agility of a clown, and was received into his companions' arms.

The Arabs howled with surprise and rage, whilst the balloon fled rapidly away, carrying their prisoner with it.

Five Weeks

in a

Balloon

By JULES VERNE

"Master! Mr. Dick!" said Joe, and then lost consciousness.

He was almost naked, his bleeding arms and his body, covered with wounds, told the tale of his sufferings. The doctor dressed his wounds and laid him down under the tent. He soon came to himself again, and asked for a glass of brandy, which the doctor did not think it right to refuse him. After he had drunk it he shook hands with his companions, and declared himself ready to relate his adventures. But they would not let him speak, and the brave fellow fell into a profound sleep, which he seemed to greatly need.

The Victoria was then describing an oblique line westward. Under a strong wind it passed the confines of the thorny desert, and, after a journey of two hundred miles from the place Joe had got in, it passed, towards evening, the tenth degree of longitude.

The wind fell at night, and the Victoria remained quietly at the summit of a large sycamore; the doctor and Kennedy took it in turns to watch, and Joe slept on for twenty-four hours.

"It is the best remedy he could have," said Fergusson. "Nature will cure him."

A goose was soon grilling, and soon after devoured. Joe had a good share of it, like a man who has not eaten for several days. After tea and grog he told his companions, what we already know, of his adventures, and the doctor explained the submersion of the village to him. At last he came to where we left him, stuck fast in the marsh.

The Cord

"I gave myself up, master," he continued, "and was sinking altogether, when I saw a bit of cord about two feet from me. I made a last effort, and caught hold of it and pulled; it resisted, and helped me up, so I got on to firm ground again. At the end of the cord I found an anchor. I saw it was one of the anchors of the Victoria. I followed the direction of the cord, and so got out of the bog."

"It seemed to be a message from you, and gave me back my courage, and I walked a part of the night away from the lake. At last I reached the borders of an immense forest. There, in an enclosure, some horses were feeding."

"I did not lose a minute in reflecting that I could not ride, but jumped on the back of one of the animals, and it carried me northwards at a great pace. I won't tell you about the towns I saw, or the villages I avoided. At last

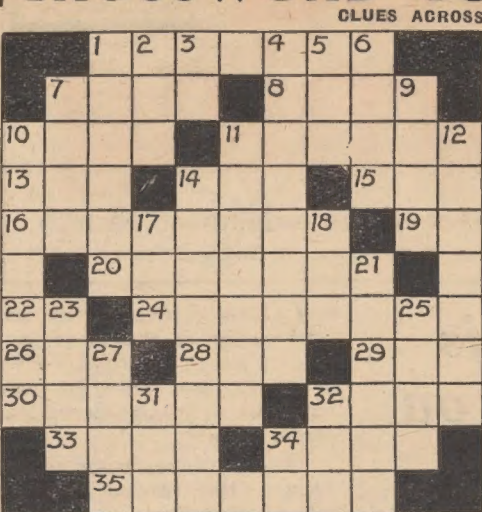
I reached the desert, and was glad, because I thought I could see the Victoria, and you would see me better there."

"In about three hours I fell in with a detachment of Arabs. That was a hunt, Mr. Kennedy. You don't know anything about hunting if you have not been hunted, and I don't advise you to try that. My horse fell, worn out, and I jumped up behind an Arab. I hope he isn't angry with me for strangling him! But I had seen you; and you know the rest. Wasn't I right to depend upon you?"

While Joe was speaking the balloon had cleared a large extent of country. Kennedy pointed to a heap of huts that looked like a town. The doctor consulted his map, and recognised the hamlet of Tagoel in Damerghou.

Dr. Fergusson gave numerous details to his companions about the country they were crossing. The soil was flat, and offered no obstacle to their march.

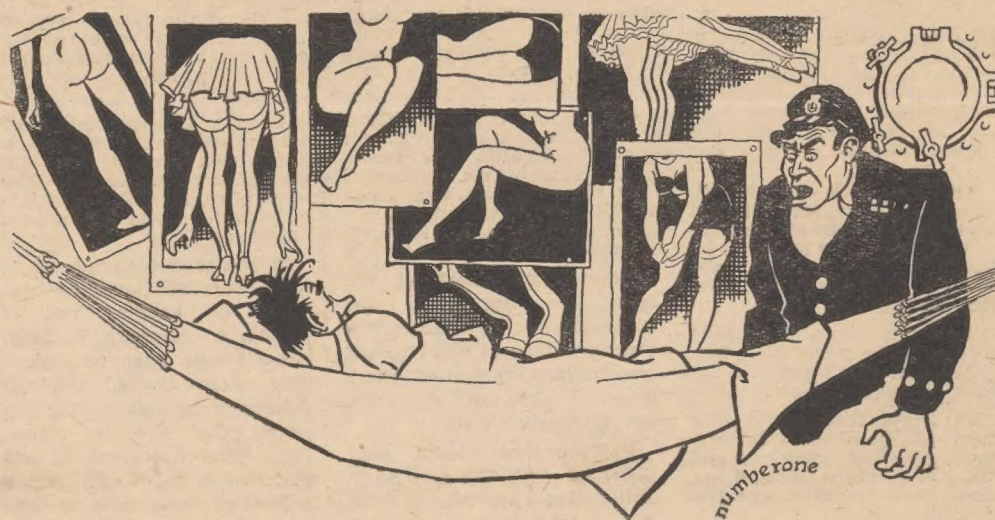
CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.
1 Dislocated.
7 Chief performer.
8 Boy's name.
10 Fluctuate.
11 Ethics.
13 Object.
14 Total.
15 Drink greedily.
16 Suggestion.
19 Note of octave.
20 Candidate.
22 Erect.
24 Diminish.
26 Inexperienced.
28 Laurel.
29 Reached.
30 Shoal.
32 Positive.
33 Considerate.
34 Lean over.
35 Heating devices.

CLUES DOWN.
1 Discourse.
2 Look inquisitively.
3 Behold.
4 Cavalry force.
5 Go astray.
6 Recording-plate.
7 Locks.
9 Shell-fish.
10 Talks extravagantly.
11 Sweet-sounding.
12 Old musical instrument.
14 Important one.
17 Shuck.
18 Shelter.
21 Birds.
23 Rugby forwards.
25 Human being.
27 O'd politician.
31 Unity.
32 Through.
34 Pronoun.

DAB PARCH A
UNREAL RAGS
AGE PIRATES
LOCH CINEMA
ROOTED I
MANGO EASEL
O PURSER
URCHIN HERD
LYRICAL SAY
DEAR PALATE
Y MEATY WAD



"Ten past six an' not a leg showin'!"

In the bend of the Niger, which, after flowing north turns west, and flows into the Atlantic, the country is in parts luxuriantly fertile, and in others extremely barren; uncultivated plains succeed fields of maize, and these are followed by vast tracts covered with heaths; all sorts of aquatic birds frequent the banks of the stream.

Timbuctoo

From time to time they caught sight of a Touareg camp, with its leather tents, where the men reposed whilst the women did the outside work and milked the camels.

From thence the Victoria was impelled more to the north, and, on the morning of the 20th, it passed above an inextricable network of channels covered with thick grass. An amphitheatre of low houses appeared at a turning in the river.

"That is Kabra," cried the doctor joyfully; it is the port of Timbuctoo; the town is not five miles from here."

"Are you glad, sir?" asked Joe.

"Enchanted, Joe."

In about two hours the mysterious town came in sight, and Fergusson, following Barth's plan, saw how exact it is. The town forms a vast triangle upon an immense plain of white sand; the point goes northwards into the desert; the neighbouring vegetation was poor; dwarf mimosas and stunted bushes were all there was. The streets were narrow, and lined with one-storey houses, built of bricks burnt in the sun, and huts of straw and reeds, the former conical, the latter square; on the terraces lolled some of the inhabitants, draped in their brilliant garments, a lance or a musket in hand. There were no women to be seen at that hour of the day.

As night fell, the doctor threw out his last sacks of ballast; the Victoria rose; the serpentine, with all flame on, could hardly keep it up; it was then sixty miles south of Timbuctoo, and the next morning it was on the banks of the Niger, not far from Lake Debo.

(To be continued)

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

If you permit a single drop of water to drip every second for a year, you will be able to fill a 300-gallon tank in that time.

A remarkable creature is the Pangolin, sometimes called the scaly ant-eater. It has no teeth, and it often grows to about six feet in length. When it is attacked it rolls itself into a ball for protection, and tries to forget the world outside.

QUIZ for today

1. A rigol is a dance step, sausage, gutter, hearth-rug, small boat?
2. How many colours can you think of beginning with M?
3. What is the common name of the constellation known as Aries?
4. Name the seven States of Australia.
5. How many lenses are there in an ordinary telescope?
6. All the following are real words except one. Which is it? Languet, Langette, Languor, Langur, Langet, Languette.

Answers to Quiz in No. 451

1. Breed of dog.
2. Pink, Purple, Puce, Primrose.
3. Herdsman, or Ox-driver.
4. (a) 5, (b) 5.
5. 27.
6. Kaar.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Eaven 'elp my self-restraint, Nobby! That's the tenth we've passed!"

WANGLING WORDS—391

1. Put a spike in TS and make some drops.
2. In the following quotation from Shakespeare, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Hint: ear yad het ti veyer niar.
3. In the following four animals the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 5206, T2173, 57M43, P86D8.
4. Find the two hidden composers in: The carpenter removed the stain, erased the marks, and began to chop in pieces my lovely table.

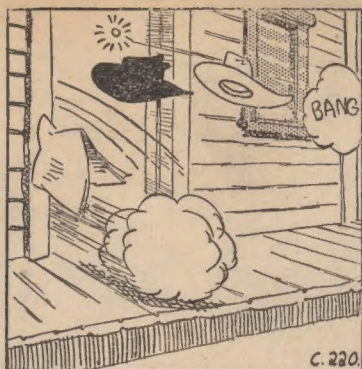
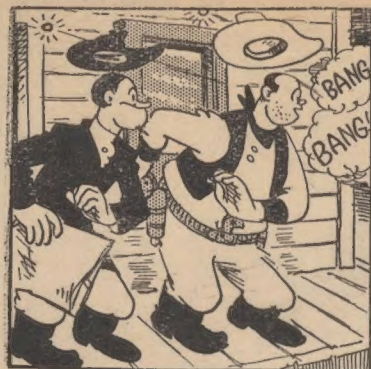
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 390

1. OpinION.
2. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.
3. Beef, Venison, Veal, Lamb, Ham.
4. Peru, Ch-ile, S-I-am.

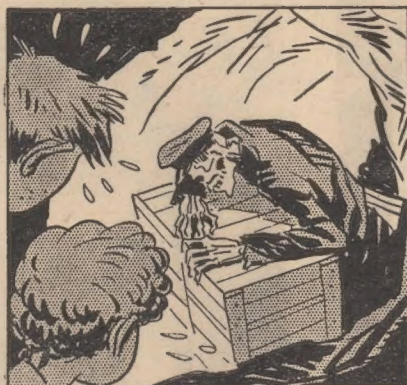
JANE



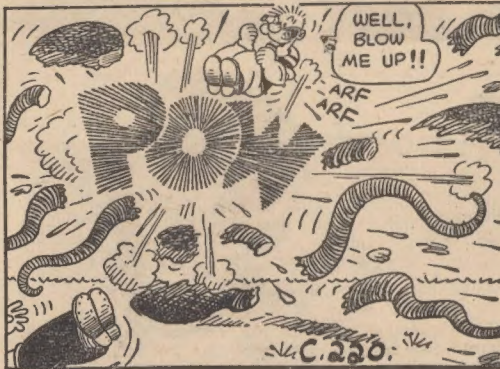
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



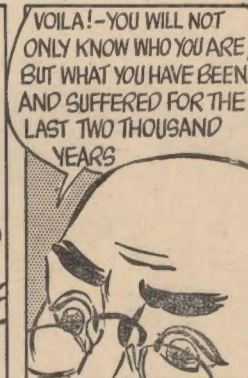
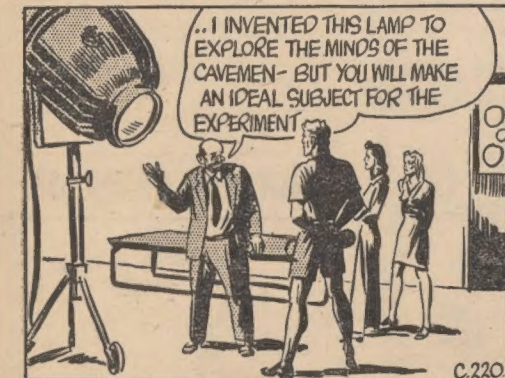
POPEYE



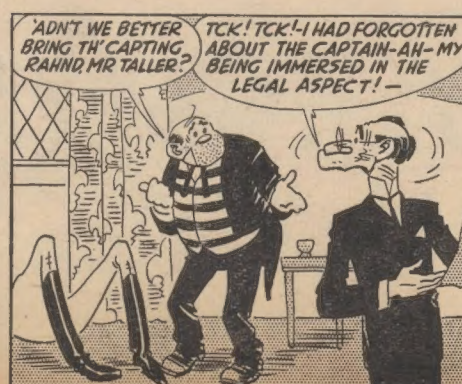
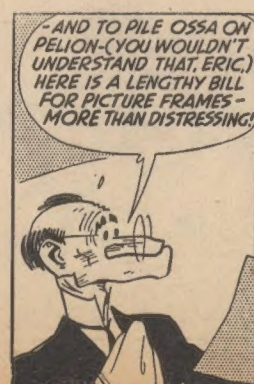
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

FOUR years ago, when their homes were burnt and broken in the raids on London, thousands of kiddies were evacuated to Llaneithen, in Monmouthshire. They went to school there, and studied under the Welsh education scheme, which includes the teaching of Welsh.

Two of the evacuees, Irene Bartlet and Victor Woolridge, stayed at school, and this year competed in the St. David's Day singing competition.

The competition was open to all students in the district; the finalist's song was, compulsorily, the Welsh National Anthem—sung in Welsh.



Irene Bartlet, of West Ham, London, was first, and Victor Woolridge, of West Ham, was second. The third place went to a native.

Their performance was described by the vicar, who is a Welshman, as a perfect example—"I would not be able to tell whether the children were anything but Welsh from their rendering of the song."

Irene and Victor now lead the school choir.



A PICTURE of you from Noel Busch, senior editor of Life Magazine:—

"English people are full-sized, but in conformity with their surroundings their reactions are delicate. They control their tempers, believe in ghosts, and rarely shout.

"Since they do not enjoy killing other people, the English take an abnormal joy in killing foxes, small birds and the like. English people dislike change, and are loyal to everything old, from kings to jokes.

"English peers wear the same shirt for two days, and six popular songs will last England for a year. Although they love money, the English do not like to touch it, and will not compete for it.

"The English undoubtedly talk too much. However, because they like it, they do it extremely well."

And he ain't kiddin' with that hep chat.



THE criticism that the North-East Electric Supply Co.'s proposal to erect a £3,500,000 generating plant at Kepier would obstruct the view of Durham Cathedral and Castle was described as "destructive" at a recent meeting of Durham County Council, which unanimously approved the plan.

Ald. Foster, vice-chairman of the Council, said he did not forget that in Durham Cathedral and Castle they held a part of their national heritage in trust for posterity, but the lives of 1,000,000 people depended on the restoration of the industrial balance and prosperity of the county. The power station was obviously a step to that end.

Ald. J. Gilliland, president of the Durham Miners' Association, said their executive supported the scheme.



SOME years ago Russia chose twenty men to be trained as diplomats. They were very carefully chosen for their great intelligence and integrity, and ten were sent to Washington and ten to London for their training. After the training period of three years, the ten from America returned full of smart ideas, but the ten from England were even smarter—they stayed here.

Ron Richards

Good Morning

"What's biting you this morning, chum?"
 "Cor, blimey! can't you recognise an ace-high hang-over!"



"Gentlemen! We all live in historic times."

"But seldom have times been so historic as now."

"Therefore, I say, let us all do something."



Twenty-two year old Ensa star, Billie Burger, smiles the smile of talented success.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



This England

The noon break; bread, cheese and rough and the quiet pipe. A scene in a harvest field near Dorchester.